

THE KING AND QUEEN
255

Soldier

The carriage is at the door*

King

Have they no instruments
at hand,
—flutes and drums ? Let them
strike
a glad tune. (*Coming near
the door.*)
I welcome you, my kingly
friend, with
all my heart.

(*Enters SUMITRA, with a
covered tray
in her hands,*)

Vikram

'Sumitra. My Queen I

Sumitra

King Vikram, day and night
you
sought him in hills and forests,
spread-
ing Devastation, neglecting
your people
and your honour, and to-
day he
sends through me to you his
coveted
head,—the head upon which
death
sits even more majestic than
his crown.